

And in this madnes, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deale but truely.

Arc. Fie Sir.

You play the Childe extreemely: I will love her,
I must, I ought to doe so, and I dare,
And all this justly.

Pal. O that now, that now
Thy false-selfe and thy friend, had but this fortune
To be one howre at liberty, and graspe
Our good Swords in our hands, I would quickly teach thee
What tw'er to filch affection from another:
Thou art baser in it then a Cutpurse;
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And as I have a soule, Ile naile thy life too't.

Arc. Thou dar'st not foole, thou canst not, thou art feeble.
Put my head out? Ile throw my Body out,
And leape the garden, when I see her next

Enter Keeper.

And pitch between her armes to anger thee.

Pal. No more; the keeper's comming; I shall live
To knocke thy braines out with my Shackles.

Arc. Doe.

Keeper. By your leave Gentlemen:

Pal. Now honest keeper?

Keeper. Lord *Arcite*, you must presently to'th Duke;
The cause I know not yet.

Arc. I am ready keeper.

Keeper. Prince *Palamon*, I must awhile bereave you
Of your faire Cosens Company.

Exeunt Arcite, and Keeper.

Pal. And me too,
Even when you please of life; why is he sent for?
It may be he shall marry her, he's goodly,
And like enough the Duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body: But his falsehood,
Why should a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife so noble, and so faire;
Let honest men ne're love againe. Once more

I would but see this faire One: Blessed Garden,
And fruite, and flowers more blessed that still blossom
As her bright eies shine on ye, would I were
For all the fortune of my life hereafter
Yon little Tree, yon blooming Apricocke;
How I would spread, and fling my wanton armes
In at her window; I would bring her fruite
Fit for the Gods to feed on: youth and pleasure
Still as she tasted should be doubled on her,
And if she be not heavenly I would make her
So neere the Gods in nature, they should feare her.

Enter Keeper.

And then I am sure she would love me: how now keeper
Wher's *Arcite*,

Keeper. Banishd: Prince *Pirithous*
Obtained his liberty; but never more
Vpon his oth and life must he set foote
Vpon this Kingdome.

Pal. Hees a blessed man,
He shall see Thebes againe, and call to Armes
The bold yong men, that when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like fire: *Arcite* shall have a Fortune,
If he dare make himselfe a worthy Lover,
Yet in the Feild to strike a battle for her;
And if he lose her then, he's a cold Coward;
How bravely may he beare himselfe to win her
If he be noble *Arcite*; thousand waies.
Were I at liberty, I would doe things
Of such a vertuous greatnes, that this Lady,
This blushing virgine should take manhood to her
And seeke to ravish me.

Keeper. My Lord for you
I have this charge too.

Pal. To discharge my life.

Keeper. No, but from this place to remoove your Lordship.
The windowes are too open.

Pal. Devils take 'em
That are so envious to me; pre'thee kill me.

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Keeper